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The Shape of Things

NEITHER THE RAPID COLLAPSE OF THE French army nor the abject surrender of the Pétain government can be fully explained except in terms of widespread treachery. The brave and steadfast men of France have been sold out, their means of defense sabotaged "right" and "left." The aged Marshal Pétain himself seems to have reenacted the part of Hindenburg in Germany and perhaps was only partly conscious of his role. Just as he was used as a figurehead in the Cagoulard plot a few years ago, he has now been pushed forward as cover for such fascist tools as Pierre Laval, who, now that the armistice has been concluded, emerges as Vice-Premier and the real head of the government. The brave words of a few days ago about "peace with honor" are exposed as camouflage by the actual instrument to which this French government has put its hand. For there is nothing honorable about an agreement which splinters a solemn oath between Allies to conclude no separate peace and turns France into the passive accomplice of the dictators. It is true that hopes of prolonged resistance inside the country had been shattered, but the navy, the air force, and possibly large land forces might have been withdrawn to the African colonies and employed in a strong campaign against Italy—the weak end of the Axis. That would not have saved France from occupation, but even the armistice terms leave most of the country in the hands of the invader. The French people have been given no opportunity to make their views known, and, indeed, every effort has been made to keep them from learning the price they are to pay for peace, by suppressing the terms until forty-eight hours after the armistice with Italy was signed. Moreover, no attempt has been made to obtain the approval of the Chamber of Deputies for the Pétain Cabinet. Only at some unspecified date in the future is parliamentary indorsement to be sought. Thus the Cabinet's constitutionality is doubtful, and our own Administration must seriously consider whether it can continue to recognize a rump government which, at best, is the prisoner of the invaders.

CONGRESS HAS DONE WISELY TO RATIFY the refusal of this nation to recognize any change in sovereignty of European possessions in the Americas. But we do not think that this resolution fully meets the problem presented by these colonies if and when the dictators complete their conquest of Europe. It is most unlikely that Hitler or Mussolini would make any direct claim on territory in this hemisphere. On the contrary we can expect a smoke screen of assurances that they are completely in accord with the policy of "America for the Americas." We have little doubt that fascist peace terms will leave Britain, France, and Holland as nominally independent states with nominal control of part of their empires, including their American colonies. The catch will be that they will be forced to adopt totalitarian institutions and the rule of men who owe allegiance to Berlin. Such governments, exercising authority over Martinique or Trinidad in accordance with Hitler's desires, will provide the necessary cover for Nazi activities. In view of this prospect we suggest that our government should be prepared to assume guardianship of the colonies in this hemisphere of any European country which abandons a democratic form of government under duress. It would be unrealistic to leave them in hands subservient to the dictators just because their nominal sovereignty had not been affected.

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THE ONLY CREDIBLE EXPLANATION OF THE Russian *Gleichschaltung* of the Baltic states is fear of the German military machine. The rapidity with which France has been beaten to its knees may have been provided for in Hitler's time-table, but it is sadly at variance with that of Stalin. However, both dictators are anxious to maintain the façade of friendship. Moscow minimizes the number of troops sent into the Baltic region and denies that they are concentrated near the German border. Berlin insists officially that it is unperturbed, and Ralph Barnes, who courageously cabled to the New York *Herald Tribune* news of German annoyance at the Russian moves, has been expelled. Meanwhile, there are indications of growing rivalry in the

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Balkans. The opportunist King Carol has landed heavily on the German side of the fence and is busy organizing a one-party, anti-Semitic, totalitarian regime, hoping that Hitler will be flattered by this imitation and will help him to guard Bessarabia from Russian invasion. Rumanian oil is now reported to be moving into Germany in much greater quantities and at greater speed. Turkey, unable to count on either military or economic aid from the Western powers, is returning to the Russian orbit and is fortifying its northern border against Bulgaria, fearing a German-inspired coup. This suggests that the Nazis are once again in the ascendant at Sofia. They have always been well intrenched in official circles there, but mass opinion is pan-Slav and looks to Moscow for guidance.

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INDO-CHINA SEEMS DOOMED TO BE THE next victim in the non-stop series of fascist aggressions. Although the government of this French territory has submitted to Japanese pressure to the extent of permitting Japanese inspectors to make sure that all trade with China is stopped, extensive Japanese troop movements are reported near its border. A new totalitarian political party has been established in Tokyo under the leadership of Prince Konoye, who is expected to head another administration shortly. Shares of companies interested in the economic development of the South Seas, as well as those concerned with eastern Asia, have risen sharply on the Tokyo Stock Exchange. This suggests a move against the Dutch East Indies following that on Indo-China. A few weeks ago it seemed unlikely that Japan would attempt a southern adventure until it had liquidated the China "incident," but the situation has drastically changed since that time. The collapse of France leaves the American fleet the only effective military bar—apart from the Chinese army—to Japan's long-planned expansion southward. And there are reports that the American fleet may soon be moved to the Atlantic. Such action would be an open invitation to Japan to consolidate its power in the eastern Pacific by seizure of all French, Dutch, and possibly British possessions in that area. The Philippines might be spared for the time being, but they would be completely at Japan's mercy.

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IF THE APPOINTMENT OF COLONEL KNOX and Colonel Stimson appeared smart politics it was because the Republicans made it so. Instead of squealing in anguish and anger the G. O. P. chieftains would have done better to applaud the President's move as proving that, in an emergency, the country could not get along without Republican aid. However, this line was precluded by the wrangling over a foreign-affairs plank which was already in full blast in Philadelphia. The subcommittee headed by Mr. Landon, playing the usual political game regardless of the crisis, was trying to synthesize a policy which would be equally attractive to isolationists, believers in full aid to the Allies, and those in between. That is politics at its worst. On the other hand the President, by choosing for his Cabinet men strongly committed to every measure that would help to stop Hitler, short of an expeditionary force, was underlining his own stand on a plank bound to be unpopular with large numbers of voters. In their blind reaction to the news the Republicans almost swung around to indorsing "peace at any price," but the efforts of a few leaders who saw how events could outflank that line long before November resulted in a wishy-washy compromise. Now the subcommittee has agreed on a program of such aid to the "oppressed nations" as is not inconsistent with international law, keeping America out of war on other continents, and full preparedness. We are sure this is poor statesmanship and we suspect it is poor politics as well.

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NOT SINCE THE NAZI-SOVIET PACT HAVE sharper political corners been turned than those negotiated last week in Philadelphia by John L. Lewis. Startling was the surprise ending of his bitter attack on President Roosevelt before the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The white man in the Lewis woodpile turned out to be Herbert Hoover, the man who had us practically out of the depression when F. D. R. came along and ruined everything. On the next day Lewis—who was a Republican until 1932—gave a repeat performance in expectation of fatted calf from the Republican Resolutions Committee. And the convention, to show its gratitude, will probably go on record as heartily in favor of labor. Everyone knows that the G. O. P. not only favors labor but favors *more* labor; it was a Democratic Administration that churlishly enacted a law that forty hours a week of labor was enough. What effect Lewis's indorsement of Hoover will have on the nomination was not known as we went to press, but it was thought to insure Hoover's non-nomination. One wag suggested that perhaps the Republican and Communist parties would now join in an Unpopular Front; E. L. Oliver, executive vice-president of Lewis's Non-Partisan Labor League, quit in disgust; and Lewis's outbreak was diagnosed as part pique (over Hillman's many favors from Roosevelt), part Gompersism, part annoyance with the New Deal's recent trend toward appeasement of business. John L. Lewis's affections are not to be trifled with.

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THE PAN-AMERICAN CARTEL OUTLINED BY President Roosevelt last week represents the most daring international economic development ever undertaken by non-totalitarian states. In essence it is an example of co-

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operative economic planning. Each of the twenty-one American republics is to be invited to pool its surpluses in a gigantic export corporation which will seek to dispose of them either through the interchange of goods or through the creation of markets outside the Western Hemisphere. The corporation will presumably direct its chief efforts to increasing trade between the United States and Latin America, but if it is to serve its real purpose, its operations will be subordinated to the needs of hemisphere defense. Goods of strategic value should not be sold to countries threatening the security of the Americas. At the same time, the production of vital raw materials, supplies of which may be threatened by Nazi victory, should be encouraged. In this category tin, manganese, chrome, and rubber are of outstanding importance. The chief obstacle to the cartel plan lies in the peculiar position of Argentina. Its products have long been marketed chiefly in Europe, and they are largely competitive with those of our own farmers. To make matters worse, the United States has recently taken steps which are interpreted in Buenos Aires as discriminatory against Argentine trade. If the support of the strongest of the Latin American republics is to be obtained for any basic plan of hemisphere defense, we shall have to adopt a less exclusive policy.

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THE POOREST LESSON IN AMERICANISM WE could give to aliens would be to pass the bill for the deportation of Harry Bridges. Attorney General Jackson's courageous letter to Senator Russell of Georgia declares that this would be the first time Congress "without changing the general law, simply suspended all laws which protect a named individual and directed the Attorney General to disregard them and forthwith to deport. . . ." Mr. Jackson points out that Bridges has been "accused, investigated, and tried at great length," and found not guilty. How can we teach aliens "respect for our processes and traditions," the Attorney General asks, "if the government itself will not abide by a decision in an individual case?" By passing this bill Congress may expel the alien Bridges, but it will be opening our doors to a far more dangerous alien practice. The only body we know of that suspends general laws at will to pronounce whatever verdict it chooses and to impose whatever penalty it pleases is not one with which the Congress of the United States would care to be compared. It is the "People's Court" of Nazi Germany.

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FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IS SERIOUSLY endangered by the sweeping terms of the Smith bill, which has now passed both houses of Congress. It provides for a federal criminal-syndicalism law of the widest and loosest kind, a $10,000 fine and ten years in jail for causing military disaffection, and the fingerprinting and registration of all aliens. The first two sections of the bill, of course, apply to citizens as well as aliens; the second is so drawn as to make criminal any publication or utterance which a court may hold inciting to disobedience in the army or navy. The American Civil Liberties Union declares that the bill "opens the door to prosecutions of any literature critical of defense or opposed to war preparations." We join the Union in urging a Presidential veto.

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TWO CHILDREN DIED AFTER EATING SALAD sandwiches spread with Miracle Whip dressing in 1934, according to testimony by their mother at the Federal Trade Commission hearing in New York City on charges against Hearst's *Good Housekeeping*. The dressing had been given the magazine's seal of approval. Counsel for the mother of the children testified that $4,000 had already been paid to the family by the Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, makers of the dressing. These facts were not considered "news" by the press, although they are tragic and important. Only *PM*, New York's newest daily, accorded the story the treatment it deserved. The New York *Times* gave it four paragraphs on the retail-business page. No other papers, not even the "liberal" *World-Telegram* and *Post*, mentioned the hearing or the testimony.

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"Clear and Present Danger"

FIFTH columns cannot be exorcised by shrugging shoulders and mumbling "hysteria"; neither can they be defeated by indiscriminate name-calling, by loose legislation, or by suspicious hostility toward foreigners. They must be blocked specifically in the areas in which they operate. What are these areas? There are the illegal fields of sabotage, espionage, and conspiracy, the legal realm of propaganda activity, and finally that shadowy middle ground in which there is no overt act but propaganda which skirts dangerously along the edge of incitement and recruits strength through use of the hate motif and monumental deception.

Despite their notorious penchant for fatal division in a crisis, small "d" democrats are in agreement that no fifth-column threat in this country—certainly as long as we remain out of the war—is enough to warrant any interference with a man's right, or an organization's right, to urge upon Americans the beauties of fascism, communism, or cannibalism. Where this advocacy takes the form of incitement to violence, present laws call for prosecution. Here it is up to the courts to decide whether violence has been incited. *The Nation* has always warmly supported the classic Holmes doctrine that a "clear and present danger" must be demonstrated to warrant a prosecution on this count. But the Nazis, from Norway to Uruguay, have taught the world a good deal about clear and present dangers, and it is incumbent upon judges to take these facts of life into account.

Similarly, disorderly-conduct charges admit of a wide latitude in interpretation. Inflammatory statements which are "offensive, disorderly, threatening, abusive, or insulting" come properly within the scope of police regulations and have been repeatedly held to be a breach of the peace, regardless of whether or not they precipitated violence. A drunk who uses questionable language is liable to arrest even if he hasn't provoked anyone to punch him in the nose, and a street speaker who talks hopefully of Jewish blood—or Catholic blood—flowing in the streets is equally guilty of breaking the peace even though no drop has been spilled.

Various forms of group-libel legislation have been proposed from time to time, and if carefully circumscribed, a law designed to check mongers of race hatreds might prove a valuable weapon with which to confront our *Gauleiters* in the making. On the whole, the theory of group libel will not be warmly embraced by liberals since it extends the undesirable principle of criminal libel. Libel laws were conceived to provide compensation for the injured party rather than to exercise a punitive control over utterances, and a group-libel law would tend to give new life to the distortion of this principle. To be safe, a group-libel law would have to be so framed that it would allow true comment on a religious group —consider the case of the Buchmanites or perhaps even the Christian Front. It would have to allow, moreover, for the good faith of a defendant who had ground to believe that his statements were true, however false they may actually have been, and who made them without obvious animus against the group. These are narrow limits, but they are the broadest which are compatible with a free expression of legitimate opinion. Such a law would have obvious drawbacks, such as making a court of law an agency for determining the truth or falsity of charges difficult to determine under the rules of evidence. Nevertheless, we believe that the merits of a group-libel law offset its weaknesses. In establishing the truth of harmful allegations the burden of proof should under this law be placed upon the defendant. If the Coughlins and the Thorkelsons had to prove their Jewish-Communist-banker fantasies they might be less imaginative. Campaigns of race hatred are designed, as we now well know, to split the unity of a free people and pave the way for its downfall; democracy can risk this degree of flexibility as an alternative to impotence.

Aside from supporting the checks on these more obviously criminal forms of propaganda, we believe that the time has come for federal and state governments to protect the American public from anonymous propaganda. Magazines and newspapers are obliged to print periodic statements of ownership, in which names are listed and financial responsibility is fixed. The same requirements should be demanded of those who distribute handbills on the street corner and circulars through the mails. There is no legitimate reason for anonymity or deception in distributing propaganda in a democracy.

America's fifth column presents no new problem to the country with regard to espionage, sabotage, or conspiracy against the government. The laws to cover such activities are more than adequate. Vigilance, not legislation, is the watchword in this field, and little as we relish some of the recent activities of the FBI we can take no exception to its protection of armament plants.

If it is true that we need vigilance more than legislation to curb the fifth column, it is of vital importance that such vigilance be the function of the proper people. A continuing Congressional committee to keep watch and, equally important, to provide merciless publicity is theoretically an excellent provision for the safety of the republic; in practice it is as good or as bad as the men who make up its personnel. The Dies committee has been a menace to democracy; a joint Congressional committee composed of men whose devotion to the best in the American tradition is above question—men like La Follette and Norris—would be the country's strongest protection against a genuine fifth column.

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Bring Them Out!

THE NATION appeals to the President of the United States and to the American people in behalf of the anti-Nazi and anti-Fascist refugees in France. What we do for these brave men and women will be a test of our own democracy's power to act and will to win. These were the first to fight fascism and the first to fall victim to it. These were the earliest barricades of flesh and blood and heroic gesture against the tide we are now spending billions to hold back. These are the men who gave up fortune and family and career, the men who risked their lives in Italy, in Germany, in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, and in Spain, in that struggle for the preservation of liberty and of humanity to which our own country is finally being aroused. The future will pay tribute to their heroism; the present cannot ignore their plight without revealing its own spiritual bankruptcy.

Those who look back on the great struggle now raging will see its beginnings not on May 10, 1940, or September 3, 1939, but in the Promethean figures of the Matteottis and the Ossietzkys, in the brave workers of the Karl Marx Hof in Vienna and the *dinamiteros* of the Asturias, in the offensive of the International Brigade on the Ebro and the stubborn resistance of the people of Madrid. Many of their comrades, their survivors—professors who had the courage to say *Nein* instead of *Heil,* writers whose names will yet grace a greater Germany, intellectuals who answered Fascist taunts by proving their worth as soldiers—were trapped in concentration camps near Paris. Today we have no way of knowing whether the many camps in southern France have been opened or whether their keys will be turned over to the German and Italian invaders, as the armistice terms seem to demand. In either case hundreds of thousands face capture and death. Most desperate of all is the plight of the marked men, the leaders, the Negrins, the Heinrich Manns, the Sforzas.

The President is aware of their danger but needs strong popular support for quick action. Mexico has offered to take 200,000 of these refugees. We cannot honorably afford to do less. At the very least we can offer them transit visas and a temporary haven. Portuguese-chartered ships could be used to bring them to the New World. Without some such concrete proposal it may be impossible to prevail upon the French government to facilitate the escape of those in greatest danger. The reactionary and pro-fascist elements composing the Pétain Cabinet represent factions which have always been hostile to these refugees. But the Cabinet may well be glad to be relieved of responsibility for their maintenance and anxious not to evoke universal disgust by giving them up to the Gestapo. If we are not to be accessories to such a crime, there must be immediate action.

Escape and Appeasement

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

WHEN I read an article like Mr. Villard's Valedictory in this week's *Nation* I feel as if I had been transported into a dream world. It is a world created and inhabited by a considerable assemblage of good people—isolationists and pacifists, many of whom are also reformers or radicals. It is a world in which recognizable things happen: Hitler's legions conquer France by means of unspeakable methods of slaughter and terrorism; Jews and liberals and leftists are hounded into exile or death; rooted ways of living and feeling are torn up and discarded by a despotism that acknowledges no boundary lines. These things are set down in the record and duly deplored. But they happen at a great distance; they are our concern only if we choose to make them so.

The people who inhabit that dream world naturally choose not to be concerned. They note the all-too-obvious imperfections in the democracies which are in process of being crushed and point out, comfortably, a host of reasons why their extermination was inevitable. They also note the imperfections in our own country and urge, reasonably enough, the need for eradicating them. But they do not consider the question whether even the most nearly perfected state is secured by its virtue against the possibility of annihilation. And they stubbornly refuse to look at the hard facts which Hitler's triumph in Europe has thrown into their faces.

It frightens me to read such articles. They represent, to my mind, a danger more present than fascism. They represent a retreat from the grimmest reality that has confronted our nation in many generations, a reality so plain that one would hesitate to state it were it not for the fact that so many good people refuse to admit it. The reality is that a system of highly organized tyranny has now established its control over the continent of Europe and is attempting to impose itself on the world. France has been subjugated to the point of becoming Germany's "non-belligerent ally." The lesser states are tumbling over themselves to accommodate their political and economic life to that of the Reich. Russia is attempting to barricade its western frontier by occupying the Baltic states and, if possible, building up its strength in the Balkans; but its maneuvers look miserably ineffective. It is a captive of Hitler, and it has its own fatuous policy of appeasement to thank for its present servitude. Japan is rapidly reconstructing its government on fascist lines apparently in anticipation of receiving favors from the victor.

Britain remains—supported by the empire and what goods the United States is willing and able to send. Whether Britain can survive is uncertain. The empire

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alone, as Mr. Viton shows in an article this week, cannot deliver sufficient material to be of much use within the next crucial weeks. Nor can the United States adequately supply Britain's immediate needs. What is necessary, if Britain is to continue the struggle against present overwhelming odds, is an assurance that the United States will send planes and guns—and later food as well—in increasing amounts as production rises in response to war-time demands. A beleaguered country can resist only if it has hope of ultimate rescue.

This is the present reality. The future is little brighter. If Britain is defeated, its fleet may be sunk or surrendered to Hitler. Should Hitler take over the French and British fleets, his sea power, together with Japan's, would be three times that of the United States. Our shipbuilding program, now barely under way, will be of no considerable value for three or four years. The Atlantic Ocean, buttressed by our present naval strength, should be sufficient for the present to discourage any direct attack from Europe. But direct attack is the least of our dangers. Hitler is already speeding up his agents in Latin America. Their activities in Uruguay have been exposed in the press and have occasioned the visit of United States cruisers to Montevideo. German officers and Gestapo agents are cooperating with native sympathizers and resident Nazis in every country below the border. What they hope to bring about in each case is the establishment of a government which Hitler can dominate. This the United States cannot and will not allow without a struggle—and the hour of struggle has already arrived.

This is the reality—or a fraction of the reality—that faces us now and in the immediate future. This is the reality from which our good pacifists have fled into a dream of isolation. It would be unkind to ask them just how, if they had to, they would confront these facts. They could only answer as they have answered in the past—as Mr. Villard answered in last week's *Nation*—"I still believe in the defense afforded by the Atlantic Ocean." Or they could propose the only real alternative to a vigorous resistance to the inroads of fascism—*a policy of appeasement*. That proposal is being heard today in strange and disturbing quarters. It presupposes the defeat of Britain, the loss of the fleet, the total European triumph of the fascist system. And it accepts the necessity of American surrender. For appeasement means surrender for the United States as surely as it did for Britain and France. It means in concrete terms that we shall recognize Hitler's conquests, deal with his puppet governments, and adapt our economic system to the controlled, coordinated state capitalism of Nazi Germany. It means that the American standard of living will be leveled to meet the competitive methods of a system built on forced labor. It means the end of democracy. This, and not a vague devotion to peace and social justice, is the true alternative to a policy of stout-hearted resistance. As to which course should be chosen, *The Nation* has no doubt.

Is Britain Doomed?

BY ALBERT VITON

THE next three or four months—possibly as many weeks—will decide the fate of the world. If Nazi airplanes succeed in doing to Britain what they have been able to do to Belgium, Holland, and parts of France and if Hitler manages to land a sizable expeditionary force, the fight will be over and Hitler will stand master of the world. Theoretically, there would still be the British Empire to carry on the struggle; probably the empire would not lack the courage to do so, especially if the Crown and the British government took refuge in one of the dominions. Actually, however, the empire without Britain would be completely ineffective. It is not only that hitherto Britain has coordinated the various parts and given them a certain amount of unity; more significant is the fact that Britain is the sole surviving possible point of attack against the Nazis. If England succumbs, Germany will be invulnerable to any force operating from outside the Continent.

Fortunately, Britain may prove a tougher nut to crack than any Hitler has handled thus far. Britain's doom is by no means inevitable. The chances at the present moment are certainly uneven, but they are not overwhelming; and the British have more than once turned the scales with uneven chances. Hitler has three, or perhaps four, ways of attacking the British Isles. First, he can try to starve them out by means of a blockade, operating chiefly from the newly acquired French Channel ports. Second, he can attempt to land parachute troops. Third, he may attempt another landing of strongly equipped troops as in Norway. Fourth, he may use a secret submarine flotilla to transport large masses of troops to some sparsely inhabited part of the country. That German dockyards have been busy building some new kind of subsurface craft is almost certain. The decline in submarine activity during recent months has been interpreted as a sign that the dockyards have been busy

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with something else. So far, however, all this is a matter of speculation.

Britain's food problem is no doubt very serious, and it has been aggravated by the occupation of Denmark and Norway. England obtained half its bacon from Denmark, over a third of its eggs, a quarter of its butter; from Norway half of all imports of ferro-manganese, 80 per cent of molybdenum and similar metals that go into the making of aircraft, and acetylene products necessary for shipbuilding, while about 40 per cent of the special-grade iron ore for which British industry is equipped came via Narvik. The occupation of the Netherlands has aggravated the supply problem further. Unfortunately, it is true also that government plans for increasing home food production have been too optimistic and have to a large extent miscarried. Instead of two million acres being put to the plow by the spring of this year as was planned, it is doubtful whether more than half that figure was actually cultivated. The crops planted do not seem to have been selected very wisely; there has been a serious labor shortage on the farms; a deficiency in tractors has caused much delay and will undoubtedly cause more in the future. One finds it difficult to believe that at the outbreak of the war Britain had no more than 53,000 tractors at work, a quarter of which had been bought more than seven years ago, while at least 10 per cent were of pre-1925 vintage. Instead of a minimum of 30,000 to 50,000 new machines in the field this year, it is doubtful whether there will be even half of the smaller figure.

However, the record is not entirely black. The resourcefulness and independence of British farmers have done much to overcome the effects of government muddle-headedness. Drastic rationing has worked fairly smoothly; considerable stocks of all sorts of foods have been accumulated, mainly through the foresight of Winston Churchill while he was at the Admiralty. According to private information from London, the lull in sea warfare has been put to good use, and there is probably sufficient food on hand to tide the country over during the coming critical months. The autumn crop, larger than any since 1918 though not as large as it could have been, will come in at a very opportune time.

It is not merely wishful thinking that enables London to minimize the danger of a mass invasion by sea. The British navy is still intact, and it is probably stronger now as compared with the German than at any time since the outbreak of war. Germany has only two large battleships; its losses in Norway were heavy and have not been replaced. Small rapid craft, such as Germany has been building recently, are excellent for torpedoing and raiding shipping, but they cannot transport heavy artillery and tanks. And mechanized troops cannot be landed either quietly or quickly: but for treachery the Nazis would have had vastly greater difficulties even in undefended Norway. I have seen British transports trying to land at fairly well-equipped docks somewhat less than 10,000 troops, accompanied with only medium-sized artillery, yet the job took almost two days. British experiences at Trondheim and Narvik, as well as in the Netherlands, where they had to leave all their equipment, shows what an immense job it is to disembark a modern army. Troops landed on beaches cannot be very effective.

The greatest danger confronting Britain is from the air, and here the enemy has still a considerable advantage. Not much is known about the size of the metropolitan air force or about Britain's production capacity. Figures of production have hitherto been way off the mark. Official spokesmen, in Parliament and outside, always talk in percentages, which is usually completely misleading. The statement, for example, that production of machine-guns has increased by 400 per cent as compared with production last September turns out to be unimpressive when the base index is shown to have been terribly low.

Judging on the basis of a mass of disjointed and often conflicting private information, the trouble seems to be not only that the Royal Air Force is still inferior in numbers to the German air force, but, what is far more important, that Britain's productive capacity is less than half and possibly as low as a third of that of Germany alone. This is where the real danger lies. Moreover, being uncertain about replacements, the British authorities have tried to hold on to every plane they have. The R. A. F. would be a far more effective weapon both for offense and defense if London knew where planes would be coming from after a month or two. Hence the small number of planes sent to bomb Germany; hence the economy exercised when sending up fighters to engage invading bombers; hence the failure to strengthen posts in outlying parts of the empire. Indications are that even the sea patrol has been weakened during the past few weeks.

Failure to construct a great aviation industry is one of the gigantic failures that have marked the Allied efforts. It was obvious long before the outbreak of war that in this field especially the empire could render immense and decisive service. Far removed from the scene of conflict, the empire could have trained airmen in peace, assembled the necessary raw materials for plane construction, and developed the technical labor force. Unfortunately, the British government has shown extraordinarily little enthusiasm for using the human and material resources of the empire. Britain could have had those resources for the asking; newspapers and official spokesmen in all dominions have repeatedly demanded to be assigned greater tasks; public opinion everywhere has been visibly restless under the imposed lethargy. "Get on with the war" campaigns have swept across

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Canada as well as the Antipodes. But London retained its glorious detachment; and there is too much truth in the assurance of the Canadian government, when replying to critics in Parliament, that it was doing all Britain had asked.

Britain tried to carry on a war of limited liability, with at least one eye on the aftermath. Having experienced the disastrous effects of the last war on trade and on the imperial connection generally, Britain hoped that a passive policy would prove less costly at the end of this war. Munitions and aircraft orders have been withheld in order to avoid dominion industrialization; to conserve its investments, England did not place the large orders for goods expected in the first few weeks of the war. Canada, to cite one example, had foreseen the establishment of a large shipbuilding industry. None has materialized. Incredible confusion has retarded dominion arms productions, especially in Australia. Even the empire air-training scheme has not been carried through at the required tempo. I believe that not a single airplane from any self-governing dominion has yet taken up service in the British Isles; instead of 25,000 pilots, it is doubtful whether the empire will deliver as many hundreds during the present war.

Greater even has been the lethargy shown toward India and the colonies. Instead of making far-reaching political concessions to associate India in the war effort, in which its contributions could be gigantic, London merely congratulated itself when India decided not to make any special difficulties. India has therefore not yet started producing war goods in large quantities; the inexhaustible human resources still await tapping. The Near Eastern army could have had a different appearance if a million, instead of less than 100,000, men had been stationed there. Here, as in all other parts of the empire, London has thought in terms of money, not in terms of production, resources, and men.

The colonial empire has—difficult as it is to believe—contributed almost nothing to the prosecution of the war, except indirectly. London's policy has been neither enlightened nor imaginative. The British have done their best to make this war just "another white man's quarrel." Ceylon, the Malay States, and other colonies have contributed some two million dollars each; and London thought that wonderful. No attempt has been made to develop production, to establish industries, to train soldiers.

Britain now recognizes that its failure to associate the empire more actively in the war is a blunder of the first magnitude. Hasty and radical efforts are now being made to place relations on a new footing. The King's call on Empire Day marked a turning-point. But many months will have to elapse before the effects of the new policies can make themselves felt at the theaters of war. If the present tempo is maintained, Britain will have by next spring enough planes and armaments of all sorts to maintain an effective defensive and perhaps to launch an offensive as well. Next spring, however, is a long way off, and today, after the collapse of France, it is difficult to visualize a front on which a successful offensive could be launched, particularly if the French Mediterranean colonies accept Pétain's surrender.

But to survive the next few months Britain will undoubtedly need help from outside the empire. The R. A. F. needs to be assured that its present first-line planes will be replaced as soon as lost; only on that condition will it be able to counteract effectively the German inroads. Churchill and the Labor members of the Cabinet certainly think in terms of goods, resources, and men, not in terms of money. They have also ceased worrying about the aftermath if the war is won. The thing that needs to be made doubly certain is that these efforts do not come too late; and under present conditions only the United States can do that. There can be no doubt that if Britain is helped to cope effectively with the air menace—and that means the menace of bombs, not parachute troops—it will be able to hold out during the summer and next year can search for weak spots against which to direct an offensive.

All this, even under the best circumstances, does not, of course, add up to victory. The most Britain can hope to accomplish during the coming months, even with aid from this country, is to forestall a knockout blow. Meanwhile, destruction will continue, for many planes will get through the best defenses. Nor should the advantage to the Nazis of control over the Continent be underestimated. They will now have at their disposal supplies which hitherto were only partially available to them, and for which they had to pay with valuable exports. Equally important is the almost unlimited manpower that they can now apply to agriculture and mining.

There has been a dangerous tendency in England and this country to overrate the organizational difficulties confronting the Nazis. England has consoled itself with the thought that the Nazi super-machine is bound to break down. The Nazi record should make us skeptical of such a view. Certainly parts of the European industrial machine will break down as a result of Nazi domination; other parts will be discarded intentionally. But the fact is that Czech, Polish, Norwegian, and Danish agricultural and industrial production has been coordinated in an incredibly short time. There is no ground for hope that the Nazis will be unable to do the same for the rest of Europe.

Although not yet subjugated by arms, the Balkans, too, will henceforth send all their products to the Reich. The Balkan countries know now that Britain cannot possibly help them any longer, and all grains, meats, oils, and other agricultural products will be at the dis-

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posal of Berlin. Reports indicate that Berlin has complete plans ready for coordinating the whole Balkan economy with its own, and for increasing production of essential goods. German technical publications estimate that the agricultural productivity of the Balkans could be doubled or even tripled. They do not even attempt to estimate industrial potentialities.

All these factors have to be considered in estimating the chances for ultimate Allied victory; but the picture is by no means as dark as the preceding account might indicate. Control of Europe is not without serious dangers to the Nazis if Britain retains control of the seas. First of all it should be borne in mind that Europe has not been self-sufficient in foodstuffs since the middle of the eighteenth century. There are simply too many people per square mile of agricultural land. Secondly, European industry is based on a number of key products which have to be imported from the outside, and for which no effective substitutes have yet been found, certainly not in quantity. But even if substitutes could be found for all imports, a fundamental revolution in the whole economic structure would be necessary to change the system from one based on world trade to one of continental radius. The amount of misery, dissatisfaction, and revolt which such a change would cause might tax even the Nazi police system.

Almost half of the foreign trade of European countries between 1925 and 1938 was carried on with nations outside the European continent; and the percentages have shown remarkable stability. In 1937, 47.2 per cent of Europe's imports came from beyond the seas, and almost 36 per cent of all exports was sent outside the Continent. It is impossible to see how this vast trade—amounting to about $12,000,000,000—could be absorbed by Europe. Grain, sugar, coffee, tea, cocoa, and other foods have to be imported—many of these cannot be produced on the Continent; 80 per cent of silk has to be imported from overseas, as well as almost all of the three million tons of cotton consumed annually, a large part of the tobacco, all oil-seeds and vegetable oils, a large part of essential woods. Rumania is the only significant Continental producer of gasoline and lubricating oils. More than three-quarters of the Continental need for these things would have to remain unsatisfied.

There are other key products the need for which will constantly increase, especially if the Nazis are to increase food production. Europe cannot raise sisal and other fibers; rubber production has thus far been negligible. Tin, nickel, antimony, asbestos, chromite, manganese, tungsten, vanadium, molybdenum—for all these essential raw materials Europe has to depend entirely or almost entirely on the outside world. Europe is not self-sufficient in wool, hides, and skins; it is entirely dependent on imports for a great number of medical herbs. At present there are still large stocks of these materials on the Continent; but they will be used up very quickly.

This situation presents Britain with great opportunities; and certain it is that the British are not blind to them. Men in the Admiralty began to speculate months ago about the possibility of an iron ring around the Continent. There has been some talk of a double blockade—one from long distance in which the navy will play its traditional role, and one around the shores of the Continent carried on by air patrols. Such a task may not be too great for the resources of the empire, provided of course the French fleet does not fall into Nazi hands.

The situation is no doubt paradoxical. From a long-range point of view the Allied cause is by no means beyond hope. On the contrary, there are solid elements of strength. Only the immediate situation seems well-nigh hopeless. The great problem is how to get through the next few months; and an objective analysis shows that this problem is insoluble without substantial aid from the United States. In the immediate future the empire will not be of much use. Australia, Canada, and the other dominions may send a few more divisions; but it is not divisions of infantry that will be needed. Aircraft, ships, and certain types of cannon constitute the demand of the hour. The divisions of infantry and other resources will not be needed till later, probably not till next year.

The Pope Regrets

BY STUART CLOETE

Without partisanship
unmoved
by consideration
Bemused
The representative
of Christ
regrets
from the Vatican
the plight
of refugees
regrets
from the Vatican
rivers of blood
and towns flaming
Regrets
where he could forbid
Regrets
in the name of Jesus Christ
The fall of Christendom

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An End to Illusions

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THE morning newspaper brings reports of disaster everywhere. The morning mail acquaints me with the confusion created by these reports. My mail this morning, for example, contains four significant communications. The first is a letter from the Socialist Party informing me that my views on foreign affairs violate the party platform and asking me to give account of my non-conformity. The party position is that this war is a clash of rival imperialisms in which nothing significant is at stake. The second letter asks me to support an organization which will bring peace to the world by establishing "world education" and erecting a "world radio." It fails to explain how its world education is to seep into the totalitarian states and wean them from their mania. The third letter is from a trade union under Communist influence asking me to speak at a union "peace" meeting. The fourth is from a parson who wants me to join in an effort to set "moral force against Hitler's battalions," but it fails to explain just how this moral force is to be effective against tanks, flame-throwers, and bombing planes.

This mail increases the melancholy prompted by the morning's news. I answer the Socialist communication by a quick resignation from the party. I inform the trade union that my views would not be acceptable at its peace meeting. The proposal for a world radio is quickly consigned to a file which already contains eighty-two different recipes for world salvation. I start to answer the parson who wants to set "moral force" against Hitler, but overcome with a sense of futility and doubting my ability to penetrate the utopian fog in which the letter was conceived, I throw my reply into the wastebasket. Thus I save some time to meditate upon the perspective which informs this whole morning's mail and upon the vapid character of the culture which Hitler intends to destroy. This culture does not understand historical reality clearly enough to deserve to survive. It has a right to survival only because the alternative is too horrible to contemplate. All four letters are but expressions of the utopianism which has informed our Western world since the eighteenth century.

The Socialists have a dogma that this war is a clash of rival imperialisms. Of course they are right. So is a clash between myself and a gangster a conflict of rival egotisms. There is a perspective from which not much difference may be perceived between my egotism and that of a gangster. But from another perspective there is an important difference. "There is not much difference between people," said a farmer to William James, "but what difference there is is very important." That is a truth which the Socialists in America have not yet learned. The Socialists are right of course in insisting that the civilization which we are called upon to defend is full of capitalistic and imperialistic injustice. But it is still a civilization. Utopianism creates confusion in politics by measuring all significant historical distinctions against purely ideal perspectives and blinding the eye to differences which may be matters of life and death in a specific instance.

The Socialists rightly call attention to the treason of the capitalistic oligarchy which has brought the cause of democracy to so desperate a state. But we are defending something which transcends the interests of Mr. Chamberlain and the venality of M. Bonnet. Furthermore the Socialists have forgotten how much they contributed to the capitulation of democracy to tyranny. It was a Socialist Prime Minister, Paul-Henri Spaak, who contrived the unrealistic neutrality policy of Belgium which was responsible for the German break-through at Sedan. The policy was unrealistic because it was based upon the quite untrue assumption that Belgium was imperiled equally by rival imperialistic powers. The peril was not equal at all, and history has avenged this lie in a terrible way. The Socialists of the Scandinavian countries were deeply involved in the parasitic pacifism of these small nations which scorned "power politics" and forgot that their security rested upon the British navy and the contingencies of a precarious balance of power. The Socialists of Britain willed to resist Hitler but did not will the means of resistance. As for Munich, I heard American Socialists give thanks that a madman with a gun was met by a man with an umbrella. If there had been two guns, rather than an umbrella and a gun, they said, the world would have been plunged into conflict. European Socialists have learned to repent of these errors under the pressure of tragic events, leaving only American Socialists to indulge the luxury of their utopianism.

The proposal for "world radio" and "world education" is merely a particularly fatuous form of the utopian rationalism and universalism which have informed the thought of liberal intellectuals in the whole Western world. These liberals have always imagined that it was a comparatively simple matter for the human mind to transcend the welter of interest and passion which is

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the very stuff of existence. They have not understood that man's very capacity for freedom creates the imperialist will to dominate, as well as the desire to subordinate life to universal standards. The five hundred American scientists who recently presented a memorial to the President favoring neutrality in the name of scientific impartiality seem not to have the slightest idea that scientific freedom is dependent upon the vicissitudes of political history. Their illusions reveal that modern culture completely misunderstands history precisely because it has learned a great deal about nature and falsely imagines that the harmonies and securities of nature are a safe asylum for man.

There seems to be absolutely no end to the illusions of which intellectuals are capable and no height of unrealistic dreaming to which they cannot rise. Aldous Huxley dreams in Hollywood of a method of making man harmless by subtracting or abstracting the self from selfhood, and stumbles into a pseudo-Buddhistic mysticism as the way of salvation without understanding that this kind of mysticism annuls all history in the process of destroying the self.

When the intellectuals are not given to a vapid form of universalism they elaborate an impossible individualism. Bertrand Russell, who has now repented of his pacifism, wrote in an article recently reprinted in *The Nation* that any political view which made individuals the bearers of ideological forces was outmoded. The fact is that Nazi collectivism with its primitive emphasis upon "blood and soil" is but a cruel and psychopathic emphasis upon organic and collective aspects of life which liberal individualism has outraged. As late as last February the *New Republic* promised to stand resolutely against any moral urge that might carry us into war because it knew so certainly that the "evils of a system" could not be cured by "killing the unfortunate individuals who for a moment embody the system." It failed to tell us that the individuals who for the moment embody a system might possibly fasten a system of slavery upon us which would not be for a moment. When Germany invaded Holland and Belgium and the situation of the Western democracies became precarious, the *New Republic* forgot these individualistic scruples and solemnly warned that we could not afford to allow the British navy to be destroyed, though it did not tell us how we were to prevent it without imperiling the lives of unfortunate individual sailors and soldiers "who for the moment embody a system." The real fact is that we have no right to deal with the rough stuff of politics at all if we do not understand that politics always deals with collective action and that collective action invariably involves both guilty and guiltless among the individuals who for the moment embody a system.

The letter from the communistic trade union in my mail can stand as a symbol of the aberrations of those who frantically cling to Russia as their hope of salvation. The fear that a triumphant Germany will invade the Ukraine may bring Russia back on the side of the angels shortly, and then the rest of us will be told how wrong we were in judging Russia prematurely. Fortunately we have no intellectuals of the standing of George Bernard Shaw and J. B. S. Haldane who, under the influence of the Russian obsession, talk such nonsense as these two men have permitted themselves.

The letter from the parson who wanted to set "moral force" against Hitler's battalions is a nice example of the sentimentalized form of Christianity which has engulfed our churches, particularly in America, and which has prompted them to dream of "spiritualizing life" by abstracting spirit from matter, history, and life. It is significant that this kind of "spiritual" religion identifies religious perfectionism with the morally dubious and politically dangerous dogmas of isolation. If we could only keep free of this European struggle we might still indulge our illusions about the character of human existence, which Christianity at its best illumines.

A survey of our culture gives us the uneasy feeling that Hitler was not quite wrong in his boast that he would destroy the world of the eighteenth century. In its more articulate forms our culture suffers from illusions which weaken its will and its right to survive. One can only be grateful for the common sense of common folk which has not been corrupted by these illusions and which in the hour of peril expresses itself in sound political instincts. But for this common sense we might capitulate to a system of government which declares war to be normal, because we do not believe in war. We might submit to a culture which glorifies force as the final arbiter, because we thought it a simple task to extricate reason from force. We might allow a primitive collectivism to enslave us, because we had false ideas of the relation of the individual to the collective forces of life. We might submit to tyranny and the negation of justice, because we had an uneasy conscience about the injustices which corrupt our system of justice.

Hitler threatens the whole world not merely because the democracies were plutocratic and betrayed by their capitalist oligarchies. His victories thus far are partly due to the fact that the culture of the democracies was vapid. Its political instincts had become vitiated by an idealism which sought to extricate morals from politics to the degree of forgetting that all life remains a contest of power. If Hitler is defeated in the end it will be because the crisis has awakened in us the will to preserve a civilization in which justice and freedom are realities, and given us the knowledge that ambiguous methods are required for the ambiguities of history. Let those who are revolted by such ambiguities have the decency and consistency to retire to the monastery, where medieval perfectionists found their asylum.

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Slave Markets in the Bronx

BY CARL OFFORD

THE slave market in the Bronx is different. You don't see the husky auctioneer; you don't see the whip. You don't see a line of half-naked Negroes with chains about their wrists and ankles. But you see hundreds of Negro women, thin, tattered, haggard, sitting on soap boxes or leaning against lamp posts, begging some white woman to buy their services for as little as fifteen cents an hour.

In the early morning the alarm clocks rattle through the Harlem tenements. School children lie half awake. Unemployed fathers, unemployed sons sleep on. Mothers, grandmothers, wives, and daughters get up. They pack an apron, a piece of bread, and a pair of slippers in a brown-paper bag and hurry out to the Lenox Avenue subway, each bound for what seems to her the most promising slave market.

Practically nobody in New York will hire a Negro woman for anything but domestic work; only .04 per cent of the Negro women in New York have white-collar jobs. And ever since the 1929 stock crash the pressure of mass unemployment has shunted Negroes out of the better domestic positions. *Fortune* noted in December, 1931, that "in the North colored servants can hardly find positions because so many whites are taking jobs at Negro wages."

Park Avenue, the wealthy eighties, Long Island, and Westchester let them out. They turned to the Bronx in growing numbers; the slave markets developed and flourished. Today more than a hundred such markets are scattered through the Bronx. They may be found at Burnside and Davidson Avenues, Simpson Street and Westchester Avenue, Allerton Avenue and White Plains Road, Fordham Road and Jerome Avenue, Kingsbridge Road and Jerome Avenue, Cruger and Lydig Avenues, Claremont Parkway and Third Avenue, Mosholu Parkway and Jerome Avenue, 161st Street and River Avenue, 167th Street and Grand Concourse, and other corners.

Here the women gather and here they wait, old women, young women, young girls. Some will get jobs, many will not. The young girls have a hard time turning down "man after man trying to jibe you with an easy dollar." The old women have to be careful to keep their gray hair well covered because "most employers take the young ones." The flower-shop proprietor protests that they are blocking his window display. They shift a little to one side, but they don't go away. Hours pass, they wait; it rains, it snows, yet they wait.

The housewife comes out to do her morning shopping. The wife of a skilled worker or a small business man, she counts her pennies carefully. She haggles with the fruit vendor over the price of strawberries; she haggles with the meat dealer about the lamb chops. Then she looks for a domestic worker.

"You girls want to work?" She singles out the youngest, the strongest-looking: "How much do you work for?" The worker states her price. The housewife exclaims, "Twenty-five cents an hour!" and turns away. She will try waiting, too. She knows that by twelve o'clock they will be anxious to work for fifteen cents; and if she can put her hands on one that came up on her last nickel she can get her to work for ten cents.

One of the ugly features of the slave market is the practice of welching on the pay-off. Many housewives who contract to pay fifteen cents an hour use one method or another to rob the worker of her due. Sometimes after working for four or five hours the Negro woman finds that the housewife has set the clock back an hour. Or a worker is offered a snack of lunch, and if she unwittingly accepts, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five cents is deducted from her pay at the end of the day. Quite a number of housewives insist that the domestic worker accept cast-off clothing in part payment, and many deduct money from the day's earnings on the ground that the work wasn't done satisfactorily.

These practices create an undercurrent of bitter hatred for the Bronx housewives. The Negro women return to Harlem, and whenever they get together swap stories of oppression. And because these Bronx housewives are almost invariably Jews, the bitter feelings of the workers are easily steered into the broad channel of anti-Semitism. Political charlatans of every stripe, from the outright professional Hitlerite to the Blackmanite,* capitalize upon "the Jewish oppression in the Bronx."

Recognizing the undesirable political consequences of this feeling, citizens of the borough organized last December the Bronx Committee for Improvement of Domestic Employees, headed by Rabbi Jerome Rosenblom of Tremont Temple; the Reverend Elder G. Hawkins, representing the Bronx Clergy Association; and Wilbur D. Simmonds, assistant district superintendent of the Division of Placement and Unemployment of the Bronx. This committee planned to establish centers "to shelter the domestic workers in bad weather and to see that prospective employers pay a fair wage." "Fair" wages were to be obtained by educating Bronx housewives

* A Blackmanite is a person who advocates the annihilation of the whites, beginning with the Jewish business man in Harlem—C. O.

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to realize that "this system of employing is economically unsound both to themselves and to their employees." Education alone, however, never won a wage increase for anybody. What is needed is education-and—education and union organization.

An attempt at such organization has been made by the Domestic Workers' Union, an affiliate of the A. F. of L., but the difficulties in this field are legion, and much cannot be hoped for without the active cooperation of neighborhood religious and civic leaders. No two persons work together; workers can be obtained from a hundred different places scattered over a whole county; it is house service, not article production—call a strike and the housewife will clean her own pots and pans and nobody can shout "scab." If a particular block is organized, the housewife calls her married daughter on the phone, and the married daughter sends over a cheaper worker from her section.

In 1937, when the Domestic Workers' Union established offices at Allerton Avenue and White Plains Road, in immediate proximity to a flourishing market, domestic workers joined up by the score. Employers, however, didn't appear. One member aptly summed up the situation: "I sit and sit in the union and nobody comes. Them women won't hire nobody from the union; not when they can pick up a gal on the corner for fifteen cents." After some months nobody sat in the union, and a "To Let" sign was put up on the premises. The union rate for the Bronx was forty cents an hour, and window-cleaning, blanket-washing, and floor-waxing were forbidden. The housewife couldn't be induced to agree to such conditions. Leaflets were distributed, mass-meetings were held, speeches were broadcast. But the housewife clung to her position—that she was going to get as much as possible for the least possible amount of money.

The union is preparing to launch another organizing campaign this summer. Organizers will concentrate on those houses where elevator operators and porters have already joined the Building Service International Union, and the union will do its utmost to cooperate with the Bronx Committee for Improvement of Domestic Employees. But, as Dora Jones, president of the union, points out, to eradicate the slave market government aid is needed. Both the state and the national government should realize the plight of these workers and do at least as much for them as for others. Extension of the Wage-Hour Act to include domestic workers or the establishment of a state minimum wage would provide an effective weapon against the evils of the slave market. There is also need of legislation to bring these women under the workmen's compensation law and to make them eligible for unemployment insurance and old-age security. Until such government action is taken, it is feared that the slave market will continue despite the union's best efforts.

In the Wind

IN THE TUMULT aroused by John L. Lewis's speech absolving Herbert Hoover of depression-guilt, the man to watch is Phil Murray. Murray is reported near the breaking-point and may admit it any day. If he does, he may be the C. I. O.'s next president, C. I. O. insiders feel.

MOST PAPERS carried the news that the Republican National Convention, which used "A Ballad for Americans" as an opening note, asked Paul Robeson not to sing because of his pro-Soviet sympathies. All papers overlooked the fact that the chorus which appeared—minus Robeson—had sung at virtually none but Communist functions prior to its Republican debut.

OVER CHICAGO'S Station WBBM the morning of June 10 the announcer thanked sponsors of the program called "Life Can Be Beautiful" for relinquishing their time. Substituted for the program was Mussolini's message declaring war.

WHILE MRS. ROOSEVELT does not show it, she is not oblivious to heckling by youth. When she visited the City College recently, a group of students began to chant: "The Yanks Are Not Coming." To her companion Mrs. Roosevelt commented: "No, but the Nazis are, aren't they?" She said it smilingly.

TAKING GALLUP polls in war time is precarious business. The last published survey showed a rise in war sentiment to 7 per cent. Another survey was being taken when the French surrender was reported. Before the surrender, the ballots indicated that war feeling had jumped to 14 per cent. The bad news brought an immediate diminution of the fever, and compelled the institute to start its poll all over again.

A BUCHAREST bookseller, reports the Paris *Tribune*, has found a new device for booming business. He buys large lots of Rauschning's "The Voice of Destruction," and the German legation promptly buys up each consignment. It has been going on for months.

WASHINGTON IS trying at the same time to prevent sabotage and to calm hysteria, and has therefore concealed some startling facts. It is reported on good authority that there have been "accidents" in sixty plants making national-defense equipment since the real war started. Almost all have been hushed up.

WHEN ROBERT JACKSON denounced the Bridges deportation bill he was pinch-hitting for F. D. R. The President opposes the bill, fears tremendous reaction if he vetoes it. So he's hoping it won't reach him.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Valedictory

IT IS nearly forty-six and one-half years since my first contribution appeared in *The Nation*—January 11, 1894. In it I reported my observations of the Spanish army deep in mud in Melilla, North Africa, during an armistice in one of the periodic wars between the Moors and the Spaniards. It is a coincidence that my last articles have dealt with the greatest and most calamitous of all wars. At any rate, it is the differences of opinion which have arisen between myself and the present editorial board as to the relation of the United States to the catastrophe in Europe which has led me to ask for the acceptance of my resignation. Since January, 1933, Issues and Men has been a weekly feature of this journal, and during that time I have had the luck never, in sickness or in health, whether I was here or in Europe, to miss a single issue.

That in the nature of things this series of articles was nearing its end is obvious. I regret all the more, therefore, that my retirement has been precipitated at this time by the editors' abandonment of *The Nation's* steadfast opposition to all preparations for war, to universal military service, to a great navy, and to *all* war, for this in my judgment has been the chief glory of its great and honorable past. As I said in my address at the recent Seventy-fifth Anniversary dinner, I have realized that times change and also the views of owners, and that with new editors come new policies. My own making over of *The Nation* when I became editor in 1918 pained many of its devoted readers. Yet I can truthfully claim that under my guidance it held to the fundamental principles of the founders and was conducted in their spirit, in fullest support of their correct conception of what the liberal world should be.

They knew war, many of them at first hand, and their detestation of it was beyond any yielding to such a pitiful, craven fear of the modern Napoleon as is now sweeping over the United States. They founded this journal within three months after Appomattox for the purpose of championing the freed slaves and helping to steer the country back to the ways of peace, to the Bill of Rights, after four years of bloodshed. To them and to me war was never anything else than "the sum of all villainies," out of which at best only an occasional modicum of good could come; in modern times it only engenders worse evils than those sought to be ended by mass murder. To permit *The Nation,* for which some of us labored and sacrificed so heavily for so many years, now to become recreant to those ideals and beliefs, embracing for the purpose of saving our democracy the very evils certain to destroy it either in peace or in war, is the privilege of the present ownership. But it has made impossible the continuance of a relationship which would be as unfair to the editors as to myself and the public.

That I end my regular contributions with deep regret everyone will understand. For better or for worse I put into *The Nation,* especially during the years when I was solely responsible for it, 1918-1933, the best that I had to offer for our country's welfare and advancement. Whether that contribution was worth while others have judged and will judge in the future—perhaps when the history of these times is written by men marveling that a Hitler beyond seas could so have swept the greatest republic from its moorings. I can only ask that there may be recorded then the causes that were successfully championed by my predecessors, by me, and by my many associates. I hope, too, that there will be just recognition of the efforts of the many men and women who have written in these pages with complete honesty and sincerity, just as their consciences dictated. At least the record is there, for as long as there are critics to examine it, of a free and untrammeled journal.

I have no doubt that the present hysteria will pass and with it the fear which has already gravely endangered the liberties of America and led to steps which will as inevitably wind up the New Deal as our entering into the first World War finished Wilson's New Freedom, now totally forgotten, and made inevitable the coming of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover—reaction at its worst. I believe, too, that the present editors will some day awake to a realization that the course they are now proposing will inevitably end all social and political progress, lower still further the standard of living, enslave labor, and, if persisted in, impose a dictatorship and turn us into a totalitarian state. America is to be safeguarded, not by guns and warships that may be rendered valueless overnight by new inventions and new tactics, but only by greater economic and industrial wisdom, by social justice, by making our democracy work. That the United States has the genius, the power, the resources, and the vision to accomplish this I cannot question, if only it is not again betrayed in the White House and by the politicians.

With this statement of a veteran journalist's faith in his country this long record closes.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

French Mysticism

THE STAR OF SATAN. By Georges Bernanos. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING. By Jean Giono. The Viking Press. $2.50.

AT ANY other moment these two novels would deserve, and probably receive, much serious attention. Each is an excellent novel and representative of a significant current in contemporary literature. But right now when all my attention is focused on the bitter struggle of Western civilization against the barbarian hordes, I do not find them absorbing. "The Star of Satan" takes place in a part of France already overrun by the Germans; "Joy of Man's Desiring" is laid in the foothills of the Alps where Italian bombers may be passing overhead tomorrow. I cannot forget those invading tanks and planes as I read about these village priests struggling with the devil or about these hardy peasants discovering beauty and joy. To anyone familiar with current literary production in France, moreover, these novels, published respectively in 1925 and 1935, are just old enough to begin to take their place in history. They deserve a rereading certainly, but this is not the moment I should choose. Reading them now is a little like thumbing through one's photograph album of past travels in France.

The world of Georges Bernanos is a priest-ridden world, though he would not approve of that expression. All his major characters wear the cloth, which serves to insulate them from our world. But they are not ordinary priests either. Father Donissan, who becomes the saint of Lumbres, is as unusual a specimen as that other country vicar who fails of his mission and dies miserably of cancer in "The Diary of a Country Priest." But Father Donissan is a saint in the old manner who scourges himself with chains, grapples with the devil on a lonely moor at midnight, and lives to confess and convert his little flock. Probably nothing in the modern Catholic novel is at once more stirring and more convincing than his final attempt to perform a miracle. Convinced that he has been delegated by God to raise a dead child, he is nevertheless assailed by the doubts and jibes of his old enemy. Here Bernanos has dealt with the most difficult material in a masterful fashion. His saint is utterly convincing because he remains a poor man struggling with himself. Catholics call this a novel of great spiritual power; to the rest of the world it certainly is a work of profound psychological insight.

Jean Giono's world, on the other hand, is one of idealized peasants, living a life and speaking a language which represent in schematic form the life and language of all French peasants. To a windswept plateau almost as sparse as the one we have seen in "Harvest" comes an itinerant juggler who speaks in parables and brings beauty and joy into the drab lives of Jourdan and Randoulet and Jacquou and Carle. He teaches that "what you give makes you rich," shows the beauty in the useless—in flowers, stars, wild birds, and the forest. A tame stag named Antoine, significant only for his beauty, becomes the center of the community, and all the men bend their efforts to finding him some does before the mating season. Little by little the plateau discovers a new *joie de vivre.* Each of Giono's novels is built upon a very simple theme like this one, which lends itself to symbolism. But Giono always runs the risk of simplifying his themes and his characters to the point of turning his novel into a thesis. Here the characters are reduced to the minimum until they have become but the necessary illustrations of a Rousseauist thesis. In the artificial simplicity of the language spoken by these peasants, and in the poetic overtones which the author puts into their mouths, there is great power; but no peasants ever spoke that language. The best portion of the book is the thirty pages describing the Rabelaisian outdoor feast spontaneously organized by all the inhabitants of the plateau, who have come together without knowing why, as if in answer to a mysterious call.

Both of these novels deal with mysticism. The French, an eminently logical people who prize clarity above other virtues, are not known for their mysticism. Yet we have here two modern French mystics, a traditional Roman Catholic and an equally traditional pagan. For if Giono's Bobi does not show the cleft foot of Pan, the stag Antoine supplies that property. Both Bernanos and Giono believe in miracles performed through faith, and in their novels present such miracles as credible human experience. There may, after all, be a moral in this for the present state of France. While acting as if they did not believe in miracles and exerting their own prodigious energy to the utmost, the French always leave a small loophole for the intervention of the supernatural, if and when it becomes absolutely necessary.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

How the Labor Act Works

THE NATIONAL LABOR POLICY AND HOW IT WORKS. By Joseph Rosenfarb. Harper and Brothers. $5.

THE phrase "definitive study" is badly overworked, but it is hard to see how it can be avoided this time. Joseph Rosenfarb's study of the National Labor Relations Act and Board is "definitive" by every test one can think of. It is long, massively footnoted, perfectly indexed, heavily appendixed; it contains a twenty-page outline table of contents, a preface by Senator Wagner, a foreword by Chairman Madden, hundreds of pages of trenchant, lucid prose, and an exhaustive exposition, solidly grounded in law and economics, of the background, character, policies, consequences, and prospects of the act and the board.

It is hard to read a book like this without feeling sick. Sick, not just politely ill. Sick, that it will reach so few, that its documentation won't make a single headline, that it will take the many law schools who will use it years to influence

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the popular mind as deeply as Mr. Toland of the Smith committee can do in a single press conference. For the last three years law schools all over the country have been grinding out full-size articles upon almost every possible aspect of the board's work. It would be hard to find in all of this literature enough criticism of the board's policies and practices to make half a column on page 27 of the daily paper—almost any daily paper. The popular press, consequently, has elected to ignore what the lawyers of the future think about the most crucial of all New Deal legislation and to concentrate upon the personal difficulties of a handful of board employees who have been lined up under the calcium light of publicity by the Smith committee. Mr. Rosenfarb's book is far more readable than most law-journal articles, but it will be astonishing if it has any more effect.

It is an understatement to say that Mr. Rosenfarb is not unaware of this difficulty. He discusses the matter with a restraint which only occasionally becomes acid. He remarks that "the 'hate Roosevelt' campaign furnishes material for a study of brotherly love compared to the démarche [by the press] against the board and the act." "The world has not beaten a path of approbation to the portals of the board." "The doctrine that truth will triumph in the end is an expression of undue optimism." And he tells stories which should not be repeated by anyone intending to document the integrity of the Fourth Estate.

Nor is Mr. Rosenfarb altogether uncritical of the olympian detachment of the judiciary. In reviewing the past he notes with accuracy the conscious and unconscious, but effective restraints which the courts have placed upon the advance of industrial democracy. He records with relief that for the moment at least they have stayed their hand. But his brilliant discussion of the proper relationship between the administrative agencies and the courts illuminates current Congressional efforts to clamp the hand of the courts again upon the shoulder of the administrators. And in speaking of the future he remarks, "The American judiciary is the last shore from which the tide of reaction ebbs and among the first to feel its flow."

Perhaps the only shortcomings of this immense work are the author's neglect of the problem of securing and training administrative personnel and his failure to treat at length the behind-the-scenes aspects of informally settled cases, that is, those which are dismissed, withdrawn, or adjusted. Since Mr. Rosenfarb is himself a board employee, he could scarcely be expected to discuss the board's personnel problems. The second, and related, problem of informal settlements is one which lies far beyond the scope of any single individual—even one with Mr. Rosenfarb's abilities. It is a task to which the Smith committee might well have devoted itself. In this connection, it may be pertinent to inquire what ever became of the replies to the immense number of questionnaires sent out by the Smith committee to employers and unions. These questionnaires were designed, in part, to provide answers to the charge that many adjusted cases are really shotgun weddings between employers and unions, with board zealots holding the gun. Didn't the committee's questionnaire prove this charge? Or what?

The individual student is compelled to devote himself primarily to the formal aspects of the board's work. This Mr. Rosenfarb has done with great skill. But there is more in this book than a complete survey of board policy and practice. There is a critical review of every proposed amendment to the act. There are competent and often almost epigrammatic comments about the A. F. of L.–C. I. O. split, the effect of war on industrial relations, the depth and intensity of contemporary reaction, the relations of farmers and workers, union responsibility, European labor relations, domestic fascism, intra-union democracy, labor politics, and civil liberties. This book has taken years in the writing. It takes hours in the reading. The developments which it records have required generations. But those who would discard most of that for which it stands won't give it a moment's notice. The author knows this. But his belief in democracy, industrial and civic, nevertheless remains firm.

ROBERT R. R. BROOKS

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Oscar Ameringer—in Person

IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR AMERINGER. With a Foreword by Carl Sandburg. Henry Holt and Company. $2.75.

FROM every page of this bright and sparkling book Oscar Ameringer "in person" shines forth, and his is a very attractive personal appearance. Here is what an autobiography should be—an authentic reproduction of the man himself in his dulness or brilliancy, his drabness or breeziness. Breeziness is the chief charm of Oscar Ameringer, and his narrative of a life which, if told by others, might have been boring and have seemed hardly worth recounting, makes gay and inter-

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esting reading. He has humor, philosophy, and good nature. He has never been cast down by the defeat of the innumerable lost causes he has espoused, and he has triumphed again and again over ill-fortune which would have disheartened most others.

More than that, this is another story of an immigrant from Germany who has given much more to his adopted country than he has received from it. His brand of Americanism does not commend itself to our conservative press or to our masters of privilege since he is a Socialist, but it is squarely based on a rare knowledge of the country and of the common man's daily struggle—his vicissitudes, his uncertainties, his limited hopes and aspirations. For Oscar Ameringer has been about everything that one man could be except a soldier. He has been a musician and a painter, the leader of a band, a vaudeville "artist," a labor leader, a politician-reformer and an office seeker, a reporter, a contributor at an early age to humorous publications, a job printer, a lecturer, a ship's steward and doctor, a leader in a resettlement project, a newspaper founder and manager. Today he is the editor of the *American Guardian*. Of this he boasts that it is the only Oklahoma newspaper with a national circulation. Probably the people who live on our Park Avenue never heard of it, and would be shocked to death if they saw some of the copies. Yet it has a great and valuable influence in its territory, where men know Oscar Ameringer and how honest and unpurchasable and devoted to America he is. Just now, when he is over seventy, he is putting on another grand fight to keep this country out of war. Incidentally, some of the most valuable chapters of his autobiography are devoted to the story of how in the first World War foreign-born Americans in Wisconsin and other states were browbeaten, tortured by mobs of patriots, compelled to subscribe to Liberty Bonds at the pistol's point, and in some cases even killed. No one who desires to portray that war as it was should overlook this first-hand testimony.

Those of us who know Ameringer agree with Carl Sandburg that he holds a "supreme position in the American labor movement as a man of laughter, wit, and satire" and that at his best he is equal as a humorist to Artemus Ward or Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby. But, most important, he is a truly great, warm-hearted, courageous man, with sympathy for everybody. He can even understand those against whom he battles and know how it is that they are as enmeshed or as privileged as they are. He tells his story with complete modesty and endless humor. You laugh at and with him and at the world—if you don't stop to wipe away a tear that this crashing globe can be so stupid and have failed so utterly to develop its vast human resources. The book is not a "literary gem," and yet in another sense it is, since, as I have said, it is Oscar Ameringer himself. It contains a wealth of humorous anecdotes, such as a telegram he received from Governor Culbertson of Texas when in 1898 he offered the services of his band for the war in Cuba: "Sir, we want men to fight and not to blow"—this in a war in which there was more blowing and boasting and less fighting than perhaps in any other on record. But read the book for yourselves. It is a true American story and to me a precious one.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

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IN BRIEF

AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW. By Oliver La Farge. Photographs by Helen M. Post. Alliance Book Corporation. $2.50.

This new volume in "The Face of America" series deals with the Indians as they are today and with the complex causes of their present situation. Mr. La Farge is steeped in the subject and makes every word tell; the photographs are very fine pictorially and supply dramatic documentation.

THE LONG WATCH IN ENGLAND. By Eugene and Arline Lohrke. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

The authors of "Night Over England" here set down the insights gained from years of residence on a Sussex farm. It is a sad book for those who share the authors' love for the positive values created by the English way of life, but the truth of their observations on the alarming effects of an out-of-date complacency must be acknowledged, though with reservations.

RECORDS

IN RODZINSKI'S performance of Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony with the Cleveland Orchestra (M-406, $10) the music proceeds without the violent changes in pace with which conductors have seen fit to convert Tschaikovsky into a hysteric; but this is carried to the point of stiffness and rigidity, and while there is no excess in pace there is excess in force. The stiffness is most evident in the Valse of the third movement; there is tenseness even in the rubatos of the waltz-like passage of the first movement, where there should be a relaxed suppleness; and in the first phrase of this passage, marked *p* with a swell, the *p* explodes into *f*. The recording is admirable in its clarity, its fidelity to instrumental timbre, its freedom from the reverberation that has afflicted the Chicago Symphony records; but it is not a completely satisfactory job. For one thing, if you set the volume for the *p* of the introductions of the first and second movements you do not get sufficient volume for the climaxes later on. In the second movement, also, the first entrance of the solo oboe, marked *p*, is almost *f;* a moment later the solo clarinet, marked *mf*, is softer than the oboe; a moment later the basses, beginning the climb of the strings back to the first theme, are almost inaudible; later in the movement, on side five, two phrases for solo bassoon, marked *mf* and *f*, are a barely heard *pp;* and there are other instances. And finally there is the same barbarous cut of the development section of the last movement as in the Mengelberg version, which eliminates one of the finest passages in the entire symphony—the quiet passage that just precedes the beginning of the recapitulation. The new set is the best of those now available; but I hope for something better in the Beecham recording recently issued in England.

Columbia also has released Tschaikovsky's String Quartet Opus 11, of which the popular Andante Cantabile proves to be the only valuable part. In this set (M-407, $5.50) it is the one movement in which one's ear is not hurt by the coarse-grained playing of the new Roth Quartet and the harsh recording. There have been rumors of the Budapest Quartet shifting to Columbia—something I have hoped for, since it meant that this greatest of all quartets might at last record the works that H. M. V. has been assigning to the inferior Busch and Pro Arte quartets. But I have no desire for Budapest performances of these works recorded with the harshness of Columbia's recent recording in its sets of Haydn's Opus 76 No. 5 and Tschaikovsky's Opus 11—and even, to a lesser degree, Smetana's "From My Life." And I think the Budapest group ought to wait until Columbia acquires at least the skill for the purpose that Victor has shown in the Coolidge Quartet recording of Beethoven's Opus 18 No. 3.

The best of Columbia's June releases, then, is the single record (69876-D, $1.50) of Haydn's beautiful Andante and Variations in F minor, played on the piano with excellent musical taste by Ernst Victor Wolff. Another single (69875-D, $1.50) offers Eduard Commette's arrangements for organ of the fine slow movement of Bach's Italian Concerto, which he plays simply but a little too quickly, and a passage from the Cantata No. 140. The songs in the set of Old World Ballads in America (M-408, $4.50) are enjoyable but—as far as I am concerned—for only one or two of the many stanzas; and they are well sung by Andrew Rowan Summers to his own dulcimer accompaniments. Liszt's "Orpheus," well played by the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony under Barlow and well recorded (X-165, $3.50), you can neglect.

The Oxford University Press has published not only writing on music as distinguished as Tovey's but the long succession of sloppy jobs by Percy Scholes. The latest is "A List of Books About Music in the English Language" ($.75), prepared as an appendix to his "Oxford Companion to Music." If you are interested in books that discuss modern or contemporary music you will have to guess that they are listed under "History." Under "Criticism" you will find only the writings of the two British critics, Chorley and Davison, who were mentioned in the article in the "Companion," and not the music criticism of Bernard Shaw, which you would not have to be told about if you knew enough to look for it under his name, nor the collections of articles by W. J. Turner, which, like Turner's books on Beethoven and Mozart, are not listed at all. Pardonably curious about my own book on the symphony, I found it listed as a book about records under Gramophone; and my book about records is not listed at all.

Oxford also has issued a second edition of Kolodin's "Metropolitan Opera" ($3.75), in which the added pages carry the account through the season of 1938-39. There is brief and just appraisal of tendencies in these recent seasons—of what has and has not been achieved in repertory, personnel, orchestra, staging. But, as before, the bulk of the writing is an excessively detailed statement of everything that happened, involving endless unimportant details of casts and including trivialities of reviewers' gossip. Mr. Kolodin's argument is that this is a book of reference. But I find it difficult to believe that anyone ever will consult the book to find out that in the performance of "Das Rheingold" on February 9, 1939, "Schorr was the Wotan, with Maison, Branzell, Stevens (Erda), Laufkötter, List, Alsen (Fasolt), Witte, Burke, and Huehn (Donner)," whereas in the performance of February 18 "Witte was the Loge, with Schorr, Thorborg, Stevens (Erda), Burke, Laufkötter, and Beattie (Fafner)"; or that in a performance of "La Bohème" Kiepura and Grace Moore "exchanged obviously arranged amenities after the first act, permitting each to take a bow alone." On the other hand I have myself had occasion to want to know the personnel of the company owning the Metropolitan Opera House and the personnel of the producing company in the last ten years, in order to know to what extent they have been identical; and this important information I have not found in Mr. Kolodin's book.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

The Goal in the Struggle

Dear Sirs: Like the editors of *The Nation* and many other progressives I believe that the defeat of Hitler is a necessary condition to any discussion of a better ordering of society. But it is also true that the defeat of Hitler will not of itself assure a more equitable society or a more durable peace than Versailles gave us. That will depend on the emergence within nations of systems that will make available to all the people the benefits of mass production and technology. It was the failure to solve this problem in Germany that originally produced Hitler. It was fear of a solution of this problem in the interests of the common man that induced conservatives in England and France to help build up Hitler.

The management of our productive forces in the interest of the community as a whole is what we have been fighting for here at home since 1933. If Hitler is victorious, our chances of winning that fight are irreparably compromised. But we may also lose it as we gird for the struggle against Hitler. The way reaction is trying to move back into power on the excuse of an emergency is sufficient proof that not even the horror of the present war will persuade it to relinquish a privilege or mitigate its acquisitiveness.

I have been reading the literature of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. I am in sympathy with the purpose, but I am deeply disturbed by the arguments used. The central theme is that the victory of Hitler would jeopardize "freedom of speech, of religion, of the ballot, and of every freedom that upholds the dignity of the human spirit." But if after the experience of the Fourteen Points and the "war to make the world safe for democracy" we have not learned that the defeat of Germany will not assure those principles, we are incapable of learning anything.

Can liberals subscribe to a document which does not say clearly and unmistakably that the struggle against Hitler must be a struggle for economic as well as political democracy? Can liberals abandon for a moment the purposes which separate them from those who identify democracy with monopoly capitalism? Now less than ever must liberals subordinate their independent point of view; the men of the right—anti-Hitler though they may be—have no answer.

JOSEPH P. LASH

New York, June 12

The Real "Irresponsibles"

Dear Sirs: Mr. MacLeish seems to blame the scholars for the plight in which the world finds itself. May I suggest that he is barking up the wrong tree? Does Mr. MacLeish mean "detached," as he seems to, when he uses "irresponsible" to describe the scholar? Detachment of the right kind is not too common today, but too rare. It is, of course, evident that much of the day's Ph.D.-factory product is futile; but the trouble does not lie in its detachment but in its insincerity, in its prostitution of the methods of scholarship—that is, truth-seeking—to the aims of "fitting" youths to fundamentally non-scholarly teaching jobs.

Of true detachment there can never be enough. The true scholar—that is, the real truth-seeker—is mankind's only defense against the insidious power of the slogan. Detachment gives the rabble-rousers, the would-be führers, the power of criticism; criticism checks the insensate exploitation of human life in the name of ill-defined, emotional catchwords which are essentially meaningless.

Who are the real "irresponsibles"? Not the scholars, I believe, who in their fields strive always toward clearer knowledge, more unbiased vision; not the writers who have taught youth to examine before it accepts, to question before it rushes pell-mell to violence. Are not the real irresponsibles those who have sold their power with words as a mere commodity, and so debauched the whole concept of language? What of advertising writers? What of editors or journalists who write as they are paid? What of the bright young men who "ghost" articles and speeches in which they do not believe? What of the college presidents who say—as one did—that colleges should be drafted during the war, with intellectual life merely incidental? Can democracy live under such influences? Criticism is the essence of democracy, and the ultimate criticism must be a matter of intellectual, not merely of emotional, activity.

There will be a peace after this war. Its quality will be only partly conditioned by military might. If we today give up that devotion to the idealism of candid truth of which true scholarship is but one mark, if we allow the same disintegration in thinking to overwhelm us that overwhelmed us in the last war, we shall have lost the true battle of democracy already; we shall have already accepted the ways of totalitarianism which we profess to abhor.

TALBOT HAMLIN

New York, June 17

Marked Men

Dear Sirs: You have been assailed by so many requests for aid to various causes that only a profound confidence in the human spirit emboldens us to flash this distress signal. Americans are on a luxury liner that has just received a cry for help.

There is a group of almost forgotten men and women in the catastrophe enveloping Europe. They are the anti-fascist Germans who were fighting Hitler long before the armies went into the field. Driven from their own country, shunted about from one place of refuge in Europe to another, they have persisted in the courageous work of building the anti-Hitler underground movement in Germany. Some have been lost already—those who were in the countries so quickly occupied by the Nazi armies. Others are in danger of being overtaken by Hitler's advance. Once caught they have no chance of survival; marked men and women, the firing squad or decapitation will be their fate.

We owe it to these people who have sacrificed themselves to carry on the fight for freedom—most of them could have emigrated to safety in the New World, but elected to stay and continue their work—to exhaust every possibility to effect their rescue. More than two score outstanding German anti-fascists can be saved if money can be raised to bring them away. This is not only a humanitarian plea; these men and women represent the best of the younger people who will be needed to build a new Europe.

We are trying to aid these people,

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and need for that purpose $15,000. Will you do all you can to help?

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, Chairman
American Friends of German Freedom
New York, June 19

Caricature of the Bible?

Dear Sirs: In her Notes by the Way in *The Nation* of April 6 Margaret Marshall compares "Stalin's Kampf" with the Book of Mormon, saying that "Stalin's book is to Marx what the Book of Mormon is to the Bible, a dull caricature." As a person who reads both the Bible and the Book of Mormon, and occasionally *The Nation* as well, I am wondering why she needed to display her ignorance of this remarkable companion record with the Bible. If she has not read the Book of Mormon all the way through with a real desire to know the truth, I most sincerely recommend her to do so. That book has been in existence for 110 years and still stands after the literally billions of "cracks" such as she made, and other efforts to disprove that it is what it purports to be, have fallen to the ground.

It would appear from Miss Marshall's article that she reads the Bible. If so, may I suggest two references which speak of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon: one is in Ezekiel 37:15-21. The Book of Mormon is the stick of Joseph, and the Bible, as all students agree, is the stick of Judah. Read John 10:16.

And finally, again, I hope Miss Marshall will accept my invitation to read the record of Christ's visit to these other sheep. It is the record of the people who built the wonderful monuments archaeologists have been uncovering in Central America. After reading it, perhaps she will tell me whether she thinks her statement that this record is a "dull caricature" of the Bible is justifiable.

EUGENE HILTON
Oakland, Cal., June 6

[Although no longer a member of the church, Miss Marshall comes of a family of devout Mormons.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Mark Twain Anecdotes

Dear Sirs: I am editing a collection of Mark Twain anecdotes. Any stories readers of *The Nation* may care to send will be appreciated and due acknowledgment will be made.

CYRIL CLEMENS
Webster Grove, Mo., June 12

CONTRIBUTORS

ALBERT VITON has just published "Great Britain: An Empire in Transition." He is a member of the Department of Political Science at Northwestern University.

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